

to Evangelical Religion.

tnem so often as may be claimed from a writer who frequently carries seriousness to the utmost pitch of solemnity. There scarcely ever was an author, not formally theological, in whose works a large proportion of explicit Christian sentiment was more requisite for a consistent entireness of character, than in the moral writings of Johnson. No writer ever more completely exposed and blasted the folly and vanity of the greatest number of human pursuits. The visage of Medusa could not have darted a more fatal glance against the tribe of gay triflers, the competitors of ambition, the proud exhibitors in the parade of wealth, the rhapsodists on the sufficiency of what they call philosophy for happiness, the grave consumers of life in useless speculations, and every other order of "walkers in a vain show." His judicial sentence is directed, as with a keen and mephitic blast, on almost all the most favourite pursuits of mankind. But it was so much the more peculiarly his duty to insist, with fulness and emphasis, on that one model of character, that one grand employment of life, which is enjoined by heaven, and will stand the test of that unshrinking severity of judgment, which should be exercised by every one who looks forward to the test which he is finally to abide. No author has more impressively displayed the misery of human life ; he laid himself under so much the stronger obligation to unfold most explicitly the only effectual consolations, the true scheme of felicity as far as it is attainable on earth, and that delightful prospect of a better region, which has so often inspired exultation in the most melancholy situations. No writer has more expressively illustrated the rapidity of time, and the shortness of life; he ought so much the more fully to have dwelt on the views of that great futurity at which his readers are admonished by the illustration that they will speedily arrive. No writer can make more poignant reflections on the pains of guilt; was it not indispensable that he should oftener have directed the mind suffering this bitterest kind of distress to that great sacrifice once offered for sin[^]? No writer represents with more striking, mortifying, humiliating truth the failure of human resolutions, and the feebleness of human efforts, in the contest with corrupt propensity, evil habit, and adapted temptation ; why did not this melancholy observation and experience prompt a very frequent recollection, and emphatical expression of the importance